

**The Times Dispatch**  
DAILY-WEEKLY-SUNDAY.

**Business Office** ..... 226 E. Main Street  
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**BY MAIL** One Six Three One  
Year ..... 25c  
Daily, without Sunday ..... 30c  
Daily, without Sunday, 1 cent ..... 25c  
Sunday edition only ..... 25c  
Sunday (Wednesday) ..... 25c  
(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)

Entered, January 27, 1892, at Richmond, Va.,  
as second-class matter, under act of Congress  
on March 3, 1879.

**HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.**  
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When calling between 4 A. M. and 9 A. M., call to central office direct for 404; composing room, 404; business office, 403; for mailing and press rooms.

Cost of the war to the United States ..... \$2,886,825,835

Confederate bonds lost by the war ..... 2,000,000,000

Confederate notes lost by the war ..... 500,000,000

Census valuation in the South, 1860, in excess of valuation, 1870 ..... 13,728,825

Bonds capital and circulation, 1860 ..... 133,584,425

Specie spent in Europe during the war by the South ..... 18,657,000

Interest on State debts of South during reconstruction ..... 232,025,000

Funds paid by United States since 1865 ..... 512,500,000

Interest paid by United States since 1865 ..... 2,000,000,000

Cost of the war to the United States ..... 2,886,825,835

The debt incurred by the United States of the South should be added to this, but we have been unable to obtain the amount.

The party boss has come in for a great many severe knocks in his day. Few persons outside of his immediate entourage have been wholly satisfied with his ascendancy, and many honest and intelligent voters have pinned to elect him into outer darkness. Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte, on the contrary, wants to legalize him. In an interview on Saturday he made a little plea for an individual authorized on behalf of one of our parties to choose all candidates of that party for elective offices within a designated territory.

The secretary believes that a publicly elected boss would do the work of nominating better than conventions or primaries. It does not appear upon just what data he bases this belief. Bosses get their power not from any special warrant, but simply from a secure control of the party machine. If the legal boss did not control the machine, it is possible that he would have his nominations dictated to him by the boss that did. There would be two bosses—one would have the Bonaparte sentiments, and the other would have everything else.

Or, if the legal boss were simply the old machine-oldest—the Hon. Charles Murphy, of New York, for example, what has been accomplished? To realize a boss does not suffice him of his sins any more than it turns a railroad magnate white as snow to pass him through an immunity bath.

Centralization is rather against the public sentiment of this country, it is true. But if a man can be found so intelligent, so capable, and so honest that he can be safely trusted to do our nominating for us, why not allow him to fill all the offices himself and let it go at that?

Secretary Bonaparte is a man of ready brains and hasty impulsive thought. Presuming this is a little thing he dashed off of a morning while dressing for breakfast. As he himself observed to the reporter:

"The thoughts I have just expressed are crude and unrefined, and probably worth no more than you will pay for them."

The reporter paid nothing for them, and the secretary's apprehension was perfectly accurate.

**"Novels With a Purpose."**

Those critics who find fault with the modern novel on the ground that it is too serious, too obviously written with a purpose, must justify their criticism by first defining what is the novel's real function. Is it to instruct or merely to entertain? Is it to provide pleasant pastime for the evening's leisure, or to illuminate life and character and elevate man's aspirations? What must the novelist hold before himself as the true mission of his pen and brain?

To ask this question is enough to make its unanswerableness evident. To frame a rule-book upon the novel would be to ruin it forever. Its chief charm is its entire freedom from rules. It is the most flexible literary form known to man, and those who make use of it are wholly unrestricted as to the manner of that use. It is only demanded of them that they shall put into it the best they have. Of just what sort this is to be depends upon the nature of their own equipments they use to give us that prosperity. They are just one other rule they have not to be interesting. Falling that, nobody will read them and they might as well have spared themselves the pains.

The biggest day of the novelist is to follow in the farthest the line of his own gifts. When he fails to do this, so deliberately foregoing the hope of realizing his own maximum of effectiveness. He then becomes the legitimate unit of criticism. The Merry Andrew is ridiculous when he says to mount the platform, and the professor earns just contempt when he gives his time and talents to the cutting of comic express. The showman faithfully sticking to his last, but doing the best he can may not beat the best shows in the world, but at least he is not absurd.

There can be no fair quarrel with the so-called novel of purpose, provided that it is the conscientious work of one really qualified to ascertain a purpose and to set it forth. Indeed, some editions of a good novel enter, perhaps, into the novel in its highest estate. No novel, possibly, could be truly great unless it were also essentially a good book. It is in the very necessity of criticism to change their "so-called" books of this or another portraiture being written. Novels have rights as well as readers; they have the right to speak out the things that they feel, think and are. They know that the only rule of the game is to interest. If some of them were to believe less in interesting their readers in the more serious aspects of life they would be doing a

work more worth while than that of merely amusing them, probably they would not be very far mistaken.

**Cost of the War.**

Mr. Casanice G. Lee has availed himself of his residence in Washington to make very thorough study of the relative number of men on both sides during the War between the States, and his labors have been very valuable. His booklet, bearing the title, "Acts of the Republican Party as Seen by History," is announced to be one of the most valuable compilations in print. Colonel Livermore, of Boston, has published a book, in which he undertakes to show that the Confederates had over two million enlisted men in their army. Our friends at the North are more anxious to put up our numbers and reduce theirs than on almost any point concerning the war. Mr. Lee's figures show how far out of the way is the Northern writer. These statistics have been obtained from the most reliable sources, and are believed to be very nearly correct.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1906.

**Life is a vast obscurity, and knowledge is the only source of light.—Victor Hugo.**

**Legalized Bosses.**

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capital gas enterprise at a loss, and Alexandria, in the same State, has recently sold its \$1,000,000 electric plant that cost \$17,000. Virginia has voted for municipal ownership, but not for municipal operation, and it is not improbable after all that has happened, that a vote comes to be taken on that question the citizens will bulk. The city of Seattle has gone through a somewhat similar experience, refusing at the last, after getting a municipal ownership ticket, to authorize a bond issue for municipal street car lines.

Our contemporary is in error in saying that Richmond's gas plant has been operated at a loss. It has been very profitable, but the difficulty is that the Council spent all the revenues for general purposes, failed to make such repairs from year to year as the superintendent recommended, failed to lay aside out of current earnings a dollar for betterment and renewals, and by and by when investigation was made it was discovered that the works were in a dilapidated condition, that a large sum of money would be required to renovate them, and not a cent reserved from the earnings for that purpose. The complaint here is not against the operation of the works, but of the slipshod way in which the Council dealt with a very valuable and profitable municipal property.

That was a good Lincoln story told in The Times-Dispatch of yesterday. In his youth he had borrowed a whalebone from an Illinois farmer. When he became President the man who had shown him this honor went to Washington as a soldier and paid his respects to the President. Lincoln received the incident, and thanked the old soldier for his kindness.

"Mother, may I go out to play?" "Yes, my daughter, fare thee well." "I am going to see the ground, And don't go near the men." —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to eat?" "Yes, if you're good." Order the bill of fare complete. But don't you touch the food." —Richmond Tribune.

"Mother, may I go out to girls?" "Stay out till midnight if you like, But don't go near the men." —Savannah Journal.

"Mother, may Joe give me a kiss?" "It's an impudent puppy." "Mother, may I have a kiss?" "Don't be a dear, don't kiss me, But don't you touch the men." —Young Statesman.

"Mother, may I go out to speed?" "Yes, my darling daughter, But don't go near the bubble cart." —San Antonio Express.

"Mother, may I go out to share?" "I am not your mother, But don't put roses in your feet, And don't go near the men." —Richmond Chronicle.

**Borrowed Jingle.**

**Apologies Understood,**

"Mother, may I go out to fly?" "Yes, my daughter, fare thee well." —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the ground, And don't go near the men." —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to eat?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to girls?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to kiss?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the ground, And don't go near the men." —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the men?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the food?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the feet?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the men?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the bubble cart?" —New York World.

"Mother, may I go out to the flowers?" —New York World.

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